

you should pray, be at it; if you ought to relieve distress, *now* is the word; if you see the need of a message of warning, reproof, sympathy, encouragement, speak it; if you are in arrears on the pastor's salary, or owe for the EVANGELIST, make a dive for your pocket, in short be short in nothing which pertains to your duty, either in time or measure, lest you come short of God's glory. These instant people are the salt of the earth, and the saviors of every good cause. God bless them. Neither the world nor the church could do without them, even for a day.

### He Remembered the Sermon and the Rafters

Not every one who attends church remembers the sermon, not a very great many remember even the words of the text or the book, chapter and verse where they are found. The body is present in the church but the spirit is elsewhere. More than one man transacts a little business during the time of morning worship in the house of God. At the dedication of a large church building, some years ago, there was present a prominent manufacturer of woolen goods. The services were peculiarly sacred and impressive that day, the minister entering into the spirit of the occasion, spoke feelingly of how God had blessed the congregation and given them grace and heart to erect such a magnificent edifice in which to worship the God who had so kindly led them along the way; the music was sweet and touching, and the Spirit of the Lord seemed to pervade the whole audience. After the services were over, the house paid for and dedicated to the sacred worship of God, the manufacturer was asked by some one how he enjoyed the services, to which he made this reply: "Really I do not know what the minister said; it is very little I remember about any portion of the service, in fact I was thinking about the size of this room, how many spindles could be set going, how much work could be turned out, and the profits that would accrue to my business if this room could be accommodated to the manufacture of woolen goods." Let us hope there are not many who spend the morning hour in the house of God as this man spent it on that day, yet there are altogether too many who carry with them into the house of God their every day business, and thru the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, fail of the spiritual blessing and strength that come to one whose affections are set on things above during the quiet hour of morning worship.

In Miner's History of Wyoming is found a story which tells how a father forgot the sermon and the text trying to watch the maneuverings of his boy who remembered both the text and the entire sermon, together with some other things which the father did not notice. It is as follows: John Franklin was a native of Canaan, Litchfield County, Conn. An instance of his remarkable memory when a lad of seventeen will show that he was no ordinary boy. Having accompanied the family to the place of worship, the meeting house being only enclosed, but neither ceiled nor plastered, the beams and rafters were all exposed to view. John saw that his austere father sat thru the sermon with great uneasiness, but could not divine the cause. On returning home, "John," said his father, "it is my duty to

give you a severe thrashing (common in olden times), and you shall have it presently, so prepare yourself." "But you won't whip me, father, without telling me what for?" "No, certainly—your conduct at meeting, sir, is the cause. Instead of attending to the sermon you were all the time gazing about, as if you were counting the beams and rafters of the meeting house." "Well, father, can you repeat the sermon?" "Sermon? No. I had as much as I could do to watch your inattention." "If I tell you all the minister said you won't whip me?" "No, John, no; but that is impossible." Young Franklin immediately named the text, and taking up the discourse, went thru every head of it with surprising accuracy. "Upon my word," said the delighted parent. "I should not have thought it." "And now, father," said John, "I can tell you exactly how many rafters there are in the meeting house."

### The Greatness of Salvation

A German writer represents a good man as coming, after his death, to the gates of heaven, and welcomed to its glories. An angel was commissioned to be his conductor and teacher. First he took him to a point where he could see the most fearful representation of sin when it had brought forth death. It was a fearful place, peopled with everything hateful, loathsome and wretched. His guide bade him look still farther down the dismal vault, and farther still, where were objects more anguished, and loathsome, and haggard with wasting woe. He bade him concentrate his vision on an object more hideous and disgusting than he ever could have imagined. "That," said the conductor, "in the ages of eternity would have been you, had you not repented and believed. Behold the woe and the degradation from which you have been saved by the compassion of your Savior." His guide then took him to a point from which could be seen the glories of the redeemed. He saw the highest ranks of angels, he heard their songs and hallelujahs, and was vanished. He was directed to look far beyond all these, and there behold an object more beautiful than the highest saint who had been longest in heaven, more blissful than seraph or archangel. He heard music ineffably more sweet than any which flowed from the harps of the angels nearest the throne. The excess of glory overpowered him. Then said his conductor, That beautiful and enraptured being is *yourself* many ages hence. Behold the glory and the bliss to which you are exalted thru the salvation of the Redeemer." And yet there are those who "neglect so great a salvation."

### Confessing Past Follies

It is not indicative of mental or moral weakness to confess past follies, tho our sensitive self esteem shrinks from the exercise of this salutary virtue. Such confession may more certainly be the profession of present wisdom; but we should be careful in our estimate of the man who is profuse in the confession of rather small faults. He may be only disguising great ones. Honest confession is a scriptural duty, perhaps the most neglected of all, and this neglect is a pointer toward a very far retrogression from that apostolic holiness and humility involved in the true religious life.